

A

## REVIEW

OF THE

## STATE

OF THE

## BRITISH NATION.

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 Tuesday, July 3. 1708.
 

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*Review.* I Think, Mr. *Mad Man*, I let you run on in a former Paper without any Interruption, and a mad Story you have made of it, and that the Duke of *Marlborough* would make mad Work of it to follow your Directions.

*Mad Man.* It would be much more to the Purpose, if you would bring some solid Arguments against some of my projected Schemes, for what signify'd calling me mad Man, every Body knows that; but let me tell you, some Body will call us all mad Men, if something like this is not put in Execution——Now as mad as I am, and as sober as you are, will you tell me something like this; fit for the conquering Arms of the two Generals now in the Field to undertake?

*Rev.* No, no, it is not for any but mad Men to sit at home, and direct the Duke of *Marlborough* what to do, who is upon the Spot, is Judge of his own Strength, and of the Enemy's Strength, and knows what is practicable and what not.

*M.* You *English* Men are so modest all of you now, when it is the Time to advise, but you are not so modest in passing your Censures when it is too late to advise: You will not say what you would have done, but you will not fail to reproach him afterward with what might have been done, and what he should have done, and such as that——Now, I think, it is honest by half for me to say what People expect, what their Eyes are upon, and what in short the:

the whole Nation longs for, than to sit still and say nothing now, but rail and make a Noise afterward.

*Rev.* But you talk of wild Things in the Clouds, Things impracticable, Things which no Men of Judgment will pretend to expect.

*M.* You do not know, I find, what People expect; nor, it may be, what they ought to expect; a great many Things may be expected from 100000 Men, when they are victorious, and when the Enemy's Force is broken, as is now the Case, and I am for telling openly before hand what I expect; I'll rather be a presuming Director, than an insulting Reviler hereafter.

*Rev.* But we have some People that would lessen the Victory, and tell you, it is less compleat than you pretend to; that the *French* Forces are not broken and scatter'd as at *Ramellies*; that they retir'd by the Road to *Ghent* in so good Order, that as appears by the Journal, tho' you fell upon their Reer Guard with 4000 Horse and some Battalions, you were mauled for your Pains, and forced to give it over; that one whole Wing of their Horse was not touch'd, and that all can be said is, you have given them a Brush, but far from such a Victory as you would make of it, and they will soon show themselves whole in the Field again, and bid you do your worst.

*M.* These are a Sort of People call'd *Jacobites*, who you us'd to tell us were mad, and it is but odd to hear you quote them by Way of Objection to an honest Proposal: It is enough that the *French* are fairly and soundly beaten, they cannot stand before you whole, and in their highest Splendor: How shall they stand against you afterward, when discourag'd and disheartned, as well as diminish'd in Number.

*Rev.* Well, but the Duke of *Berwick* is at hand with 30000 fresh Troops not touch'd, besides the Troops of *Bavaria* and *Cologne*, with which the Duke of *Bavaria* was to make an Attempt for himself.

*M.* Well, well, then Prince *Eugene* is at hand too with 30000 *Germaus*, *Palatines* and *Hessians*, with which he will not be idle; the *French* will be out-number'd now, yet them go where they will.

*Rev.* But the Duke of *Bavaria*, they say, is to send down 20000 Men from the *Rhine*, and, retiring under the Canon of *Strasburgh*, with the few that remain, is to let the Duke of *Hannover* range over *Alsace* where he pleases, putting only good Garrisons into *Fort-Louis*, *Fort-Kiel*, *Strasburg* and *Brisac*, and let him do his worst.

*M.* And that worst should be nothing at all; for if the Duke of *Bavaria* sends 20000 Men more to *Flanders*, which with the Duke of *Berwick's* two Detachments make 60000: The Elector of *Hannover*; if your mad Man was to advise him, should leave about 12000 Men about *Phillipsburgh*, and march directly after them, and let *Alsace* alone, it would fall fairly to the Victor without a Stroke stricken.

*Rev.* You would make mad Work in *Flanders* indeed.

*M.* No, no, in *France* you mean. I will suppose the Duke of *Marlborough* no where but in *France*, and could I see that happy Moment, when the Duke of *Marlborough* shall set his Foot into *Picardy*, it will soon appear, whether the mad Man talk'd Reason or no. The Experiment has never been made yet to any Purpose; *France* is like a strong City compleatly fortify'd in the Circle, and every where hard to enter; but when you are got in, she must surrender, she is naked and defenceless in the Inside, and once make but way to pass fairly into her Inside, you must reduce her, she cannot withstand an Enemy with half that Ease when entred, as she can keep an Enemy from entering.

*Rev.* Why truly, you talk something rationally; but I do not apprehend, that we shall find entering *France* an easie Thing.

*M.* Well, I'll state it fairly then, and there I'll leave it——We will be content, (I mean, we in *Bedlam*, for as for you mad Men out of *Bedlam*, that call your selves sober, I won't promise, that you shall be content with any thing) but I say, we will be content, if we do but see the Attempt made, whether it can be effected or no; we are satisfy'd, if the Duke attempts it, he will perform it if it be possible, and if we see it heartily push'd at, we will be contented, tho' it cannot be effected; for we

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in *Bedlam* exercise a great Deal more Sense in that Part of our Usage of the World than you do ; for we are satisfy'd, when we see Things cannot be done ; but you sober Gentlemen, you are for hanging Men for meer Want of Success, whether there be any Want of Endeavour or no.

*Rev.* Do you talk like a *Bedlamite* to day, you talk too much Truth for a mad Man ?

*M.* Why will you allow no lucid Intervals ? — You know, all Sorts of Madness has its Intermissions, and then the Sences return ; and this you know is a sober Subject, and enough to reduce a mad Man.

*Rev.* I think just the contrary, it is rather enough to make a sober Man mad, to reflect upon the Usage our People meet with, who venture their Lives for the Service of their Country — Let any Man but look back to the Week before the Victory in *Flanders*, when the *French* had a short liv'd Gleam of Fortune's Sun-shine, and had, as we call'd it, out-witted the Confederate Army ; I blush to think of the Reproaches, the Reflections, the Threatnings, the contemptible Excursions of some People among us, against the Duke of *Marlborough*, as if he was in GOD's Stead, and could give Victory when he pleas'd, or as if the Queen's Commission to her Generals commanded them to conquer, and they were not faithful to their Duty if they did not.

*M.* And truly, what is this but to help to bring all the World into my *Class*, and make good what I told you at first, *Viz. They are all mad* ? What need Demonstrations ? Are not the People mad that use Mankind in such a Manner, and is not any Man mad that will serve such a Generation, that will venture their Lives on such unjust Terms ? — I wonder, if the Duke of *Marlborough* should lay down, and refuse to command, where would they get a Man to fill up that Vacancy, where would they find a Second to him.

*Rev.* O Prince *Eugene* ! Prince *Eugene* ! you are ignorant of Things.

*M.* Much for the Honour of old *England* that would be, then indeed we might

sing, *Hey for the Honour of Old England* ; that we must lay aside our own Heroes, and the Satisfaction of having an *English* Man at the Head of the Confederacy, purely for Want, not of his Performances, but of our being just to them — But I perceive, you are as ignorant as I am mad, for this is not the first Discourse that the World has heard upon that Head ; and this King-Eom does not want Men, who think themselves as able to command the Confederate Army as the Duke of *Marlborough*, and those Men have Names too, which I am not yet mad enough to tell you of.

*Rev.* Perhaps they have, but I fancy, they have more Modesty than to let us know them ; and this I may venture to say without Offence, let these People's Opinion of their own Merit be what it will, I believe, it would be some time before the rest of the Nation came up to the same Height, and it would require, that some Experience of their consummate Capacities should be had, to give the Nation such an Opinion of them, before it would seem rational to expect it.

*M.* Well, well, I am a little too sober at this time to fall upon that Part ; when I am a little madder, I may undertake to tell some Particulars, and perhaps Time may discover it without my Assistance ; mean Time it's my Opinion, all good Men hope, the Duke of *Marlborough* will not be prevail'd on to lay himself aside, and that it will be in no Man's Power without just Cause to procure him to be laid aside, till the War ending in a happy Peace, the Course of things may lay them all aside.

*Rev.* And what then ?

*M.* Then ! Why then you'll be as mad in Peace, as you are now in War ; but of that, as the unhappy Occasion shall present, which is but too probable —

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